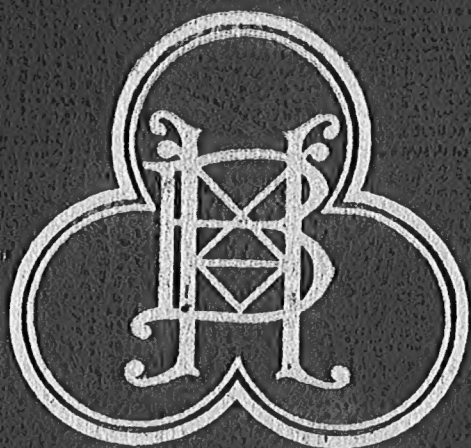
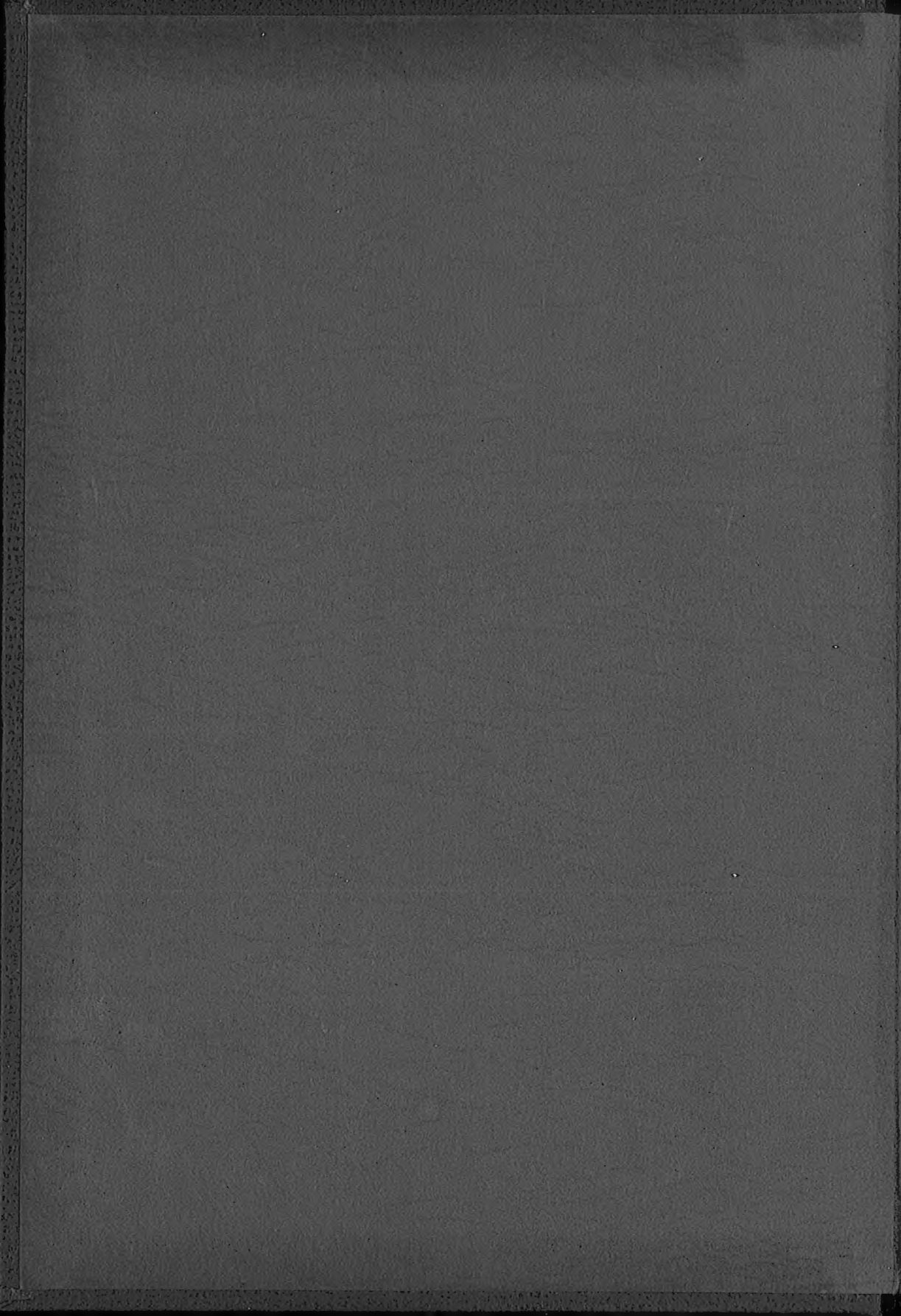
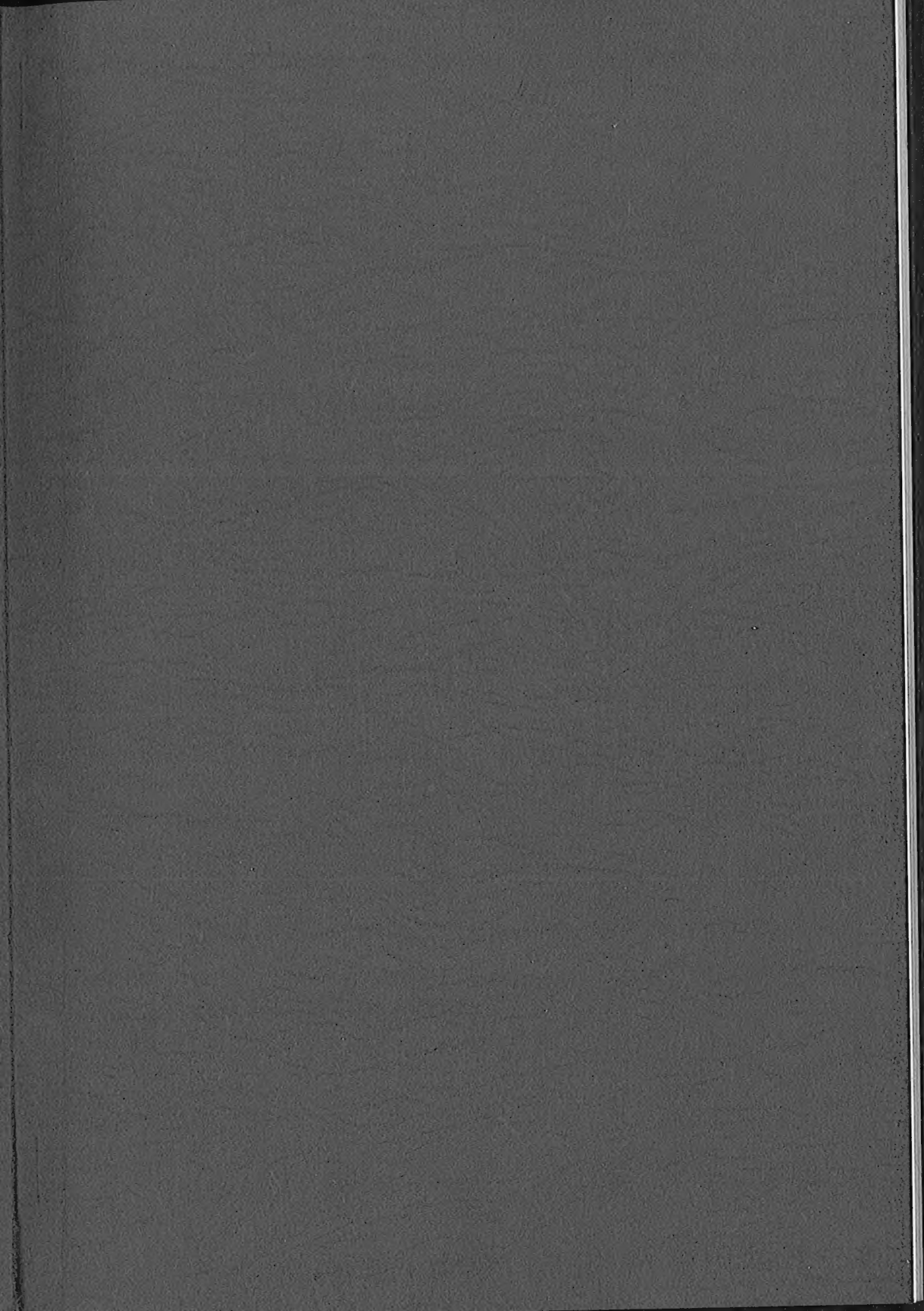


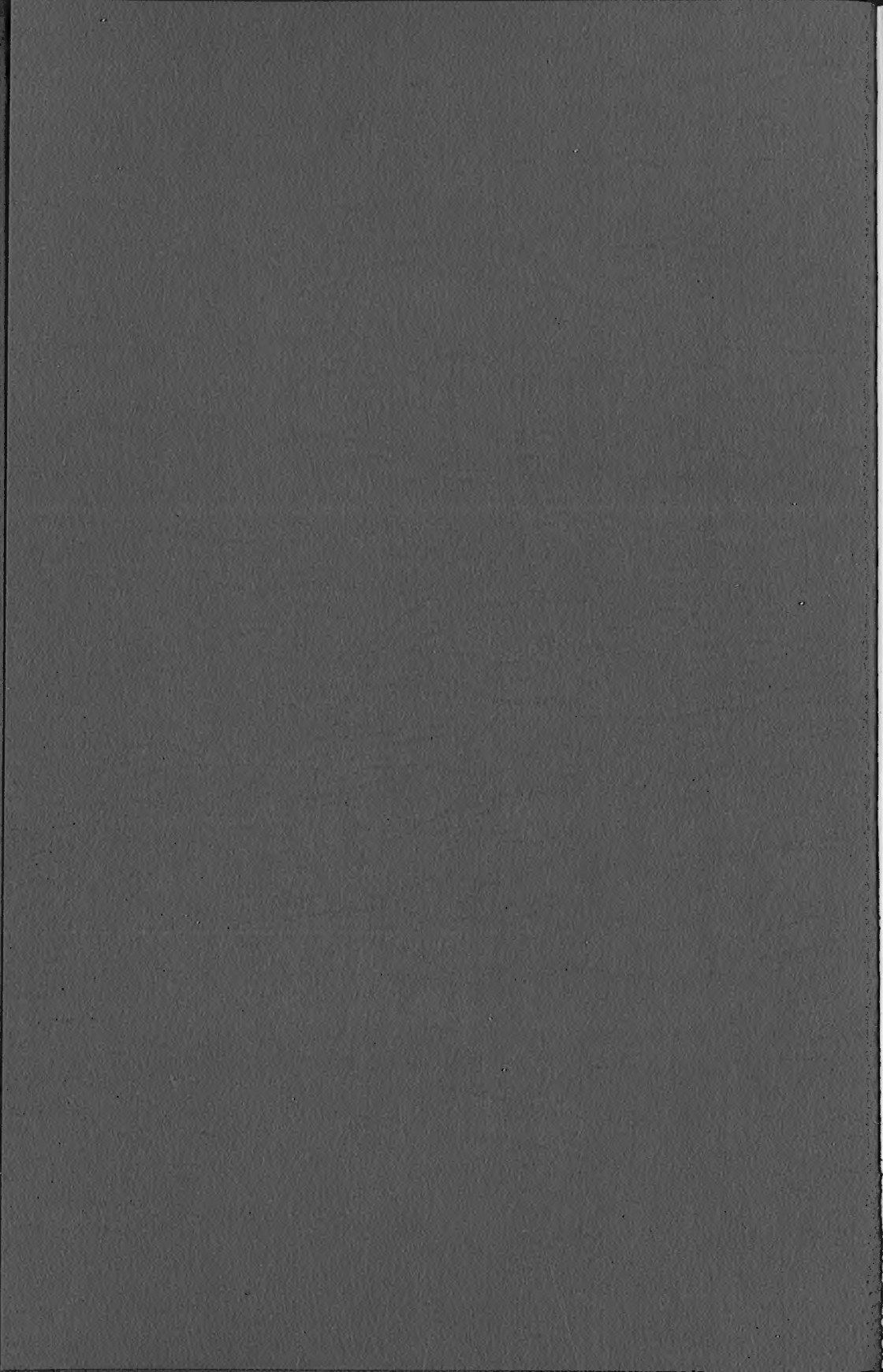
# WHITE CAPS



1948









*Jean L. Davidson*

WHITE  
CAPS

YEAR BOOK

Class of

*1948*

Vassar Brothers Hospital

Poughkeepsie, New York



## Mary Louise Fernald

We dedicate this book with deep appreciation  
for the guidance and assistance  
we have received throughout  
these three years.

# Editorial

---

"A three-year voyage!"—can we weather it and become graduate nurses when we reach our port? These or similar phrases, I believe, were uppermost in our minds as we embarked upon the training ship of this, our chosen career. Three years then did seem a long time, but now as we glance back over them, we say they have passed rapidly. As we review our experiences (and we really were "at sea" through many of them!) some pleasant, some unpleasant, we can acclaim, without boastfulness, a certain satisfaction in having come through the storms, put in at various ports and completed the voyage. These three years, I sincerely hope have enabled us to develop into mature, broadminded and kindly persons.

We derived a great deal of benefit from contacts made on our way with instructors, doctors, patients, their families, and many others. Now that this voyage is over, may we not think of our journey as ended, but may we continue to grow as we meet future adventures and become better fitted to help others over the "rough seas."

A. FELDT



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Vice-President	- - - - -	Barbara Thomson
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Treasurer	- - - - -	Shirley Gardner

### CLASS ADVISER

Mrs. Lillian Price

### CLASS COLORS

Green and Silver

### CLASS FLOWER

Red Rose

### CLASS MOTTO

Be useful, where thou livest.

### CLASS SONG

Now is the day,  
When we must say farewell,  
Soon we'll be leaving  
This school we love so well.  
Tho' we're away  
We never will forget,  
All the things we've done  
And the friends we have met.

*To the tune of "Now is the Hour"*



**SARA L. SWEET**  
 Director of Education  
 Graduate of Newton Hospital



**EDITH L. LINDBERG**  
 Instructor of Nursing Arts  
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



**MARY LOUISE FERNALD**  
 Director of Nurses  
 Graduate of Children's Hospital, Boston

*We made her night life a "hell of a  
 mess".  
 Andy and Pat the two of us.  
 We saw our duty and got it done.  
 With all of our gaily laughter and  
 fun.  
 We felt this way, and hope you do too.  
 But it all came up to a lot of thanks to you.  
 "Andy" + Pat.*



**JEANNE R. CASSESE**  
 Assistant Instructor, Graduate of Russell  
 Sage College, Affiliated Albany Hospital



**JEAN L. DAVIDSON**  
 Night Supervisor  
 Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



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---

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Marguerite Jackson  
Marie Tschudin  
Mary MacDonald

---

### DIETITIANS



Mrs. Virginia Rourke   Mrs. Katherine Marx   Mrs. Winifred Bouvet   Miss Rose Macri



**MARIE A. WICKHAM**

*President*

Norwich, N. Y.

*Popular, peppy and always well dressed.  
Makes our Wick one of the best.*



**BARBARA M. THOMSON**

*Vice-President*

Hudson, N. Y.

*"Tommy"*

*Giddy and witty without a care,  
Tommy's gift is very rare.*



**HARRIET ALLEN**

*Secretary*

Lamontville, N. Y.

"Et"

*A smile for all and her quiet ways,  
Has brightened all our training days.*



**SHIRLEY O. GARDNER**

*Treasurer*

Staatsburg, N. Y.

"Shirl"

*Effervescent and full of pep,  
Always fun and never out of step*





**HAZEL ABERNETHY**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Clab"

*A young Lockinvar has taken Clab's heart,  
We all will be sorry to see her depart.*



**SHIRLEY ACKERT**

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

"Ackert"

*From Methodist hospital came this lass,  
And soon became popular with our whole class.*



**ALICE L. ADDOR**

Arlington, N. Y.

"Allie"

*Witty stories as tall as she,  
Full of fun and and fancy free.*



**EVELINE ANDREWS**

Clove Valley, N. Y.

"Andy"

*An all around sport and full of fun,  
But one never knows what she may do with  
a gun.*



**ELIZABETH G. BRILL**

Broadway, N. J.

"Betty"

*Up from a Jersey farm she came,  
To be a nurse was her first aim.*



**MAE C. BECKWITH**

Stanfordville, N. Y.

"Becky"

*Short and pert is this sleepy time gal,  
But she is a good all around pal.*



**ANITA B. DAHLEM**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Nete"

*This witty talented lass  
Is the youngest of our class.*



**MARGARET L. DEVITT**

Blooming Grove, N. Y.

"Dev"

*For fun and frolic galore,  
It's our Dev for evermore.*



**DOROTHY E. ERAMO**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Dot"

*Companiable Dottie has her trousseau,  
And future with Tommy all planned, you know*



**ARLENE J. FELDT**

Highland, N. Y.

"Feldt"

*Whatever is worth doing,  
Is worth doing well.*



**JANE E. GRUVER**

Oneonta, N. Y.

"Jane"

*Quick to hear, slow to wrath,  
Slow to speak, quick to laugh.*



**ELIZABETH M. HARE**

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

"Betty"

*Her strong arm and athletic frame  
Will surely bring her bowling fame.*



**BEVERLY E. HERN**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Bev"

*Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others,  
Can't keep it from their own.*



**V. VIRGINIA HICKMAN**

Fishkill, N. Y.

"Ginny"

*Boating and skiing are her favorite sports,  
And keep her from being out of sorts.*



**WANDA V. HORN**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Wanda"

*A smile that pleases,  
And the patient's pain eases.*





**JANET A. INGRAHAM**

Spring Valley, N. Y.

"Jan"

*"How deep is the ocean, how high is the sky,"  
Is the song that keeps our Jan alive.*



**JEAN R. LONGACRE**

Tarrytown, N. Y.

"Long"

*A smile inviting, a style of her own,  
Gives our Jean a will to roam.*



**SHIRLEY M. MILLER**

New Hamburg, N. Y.

"Shirl"

*No fidget and no reformer,  
Just a calm observer of ought and must.*



**BARBARA K. MULLER**

Hudson, N. Y.

"Bobbie"

*This little miss's charm,  
Has done no one any harm.*



**MARION OSTRANDER**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Os"

*A laugh and a smile,  
Is quite worth her while.*



**KATHERINE L. ROETTGER**

"Kay"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

*Variety is the spice of life,  
But there's only one in our Kay's life.*



**CAROL G. SCOTT**

Spring Valley, N. Y.

"Scottie"

*Scottie and her cute little grin,  
Hide a steadfast will to win.*



**PATRICIA A. SEIBERT**

Hawley, Penna.

"Pat"

*A friend in need,  
Is a friend indeed.*



**ISABELLE H. SITZER**

Millbrook, N. Y.

"Issy"

*At times she is serious, but never sad,  
She's always on hand with a smile that's glad.*



**SALLY SECOR**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Sally"

*Though as a nurse she did her part,  
It is Johnnie who has her heart.*



**SHIRLEY J. SPEEDLING**

Hyde Park, N. Y.

"Speed"

*For the one who's in the lead,  
It's sure to be our Speed.*



**DORIS M. STEURER**

Tarrytown, N. Y.

"Steu"

*She uses a cheery smile,  
That has taken her many a mile.*



**JANE M. TRAVER**

Upper Red Hook, N. Y.

"Trav"

*With her helpful, willing hand,  
All alone you never stand.*



**INGEBORG D. VEITH**

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"I. V."

*Studios, quiet and sincere, too  
She may go far with what she can do.*



**SHIRLEY M. WINCHELL**

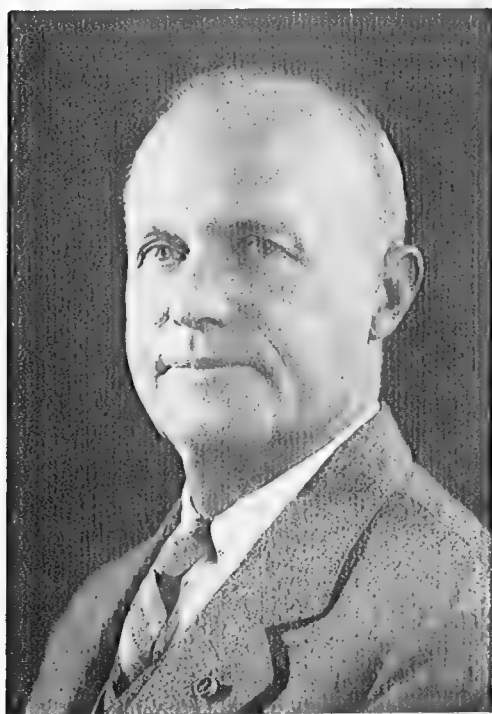
Saugerties, N. Y.

"Winch"

*Be to her virtues very kind,  
Be to her faults a little blind.*



## In Memoriam



DR. JAMES T. HARRINGTON

*The world needs many men today—  
Red-blooded men along life's way,  
With cheerful smiles and helping hands,  
And with the faith that understands  
The beauty of the simple deed  
Which serves another's hour of need.*

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## In Memoriam

DR. GEORGE B. LANE

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# Log of the Good Ship "V. B. H."



FEBRUARY 1945

The V. B. H. Training ship was launched on a calm, clear day and began its journey to the port of R. N.

SEPTEMBER 1945

The new crew was taken on board in February and September of 1945 and was scheduled to bring the ship safely back to port in just three years. Little did we know the many storms and hurricanes we would weather before we sighted land.

We, the newest of the crew members were assigned to our quarters, some on upper deck and some on lower deck. Most of us, strangers at first, soon became steadfast friends as we rode the seas together.

We battled with many pirate ships, namely Anatomy, Materia Medica, and Nursing Arts. After engaging in fierce struggles with Sella Tursicas, Ganglia, Deadly Nightshades, and Mitered Corners, we emerged triumphant.

Although it was difficult at first, we soon became accustomed to rising at 6 a. m. while most of the world lay blissfully sleeping.

As new crew members we were introduced to a new fine art, that of scrubbing. We soon became expert at polishing hoppers, sterilizers, and enormous white sinks. I'm sure if the Society of Fine Arts was awarding any prize for the finest scrubbers, one of us would certainly have received the award. We also scrubbed backs but with less vigor and more skill.

All the little errands befell our lot. We fetched sterile water in pitchers, carrying one in each hand, with packages of sterile towels under our arms hoping but wondering if we would reach our deck intact.

We pulled hundreds of shades, emptied scores of ash trays, and baskets, straightened endless rows of beds and re-arranged dozens of pillows for uncomfortable patients.

JUNE 1945

FEBRUARY 1946

After five months we were rewarded by having our first advancement in rating bestowed upon us. We were now Junior crew members.

Proudly we wore our white caps and bibs which signified our rank.

As a reward for completing the first knot of our journey successfully, we were granted shore leave. And for a few weeks we reveled in the luxury of no cares, duties, or responsibilities.

Back on ship we resumed new duties. We were assigned to our first night watches. We thought everyone slept at night but soon learned that this is not true. Many patients stroll about during the nights and often it was necessary to lead the sleepy ones back to bed. Side bars also, we discovered are no obstacle to many would-be acrobats who found ways and means to go over or under them with ease.

Instead of lamps, we toted flashlights about as we made our rounds. Occasionally we startled some unsuspecting patient who awakened to find a blinding glare of light in his eyes and a gentle voice asking, "Are you asleep?" The answers were varied and sundry.

The nights were sometimes endless. After our first duties were done we sat in our crow's nest, recording our observations. The quiet was infinite. Occasionally footsteps could be heard approaching and then receding. Most welcome sound was the footsteps which meant relief to go to coffee.

At 5 o'clock a. m. the patients were all awakened. It took some jostling at times to convince sleepy patients that it was time to rise and shine. Face basins could be heard clattering over the ship and then after checking to see all ears were properly washed, lights were switched off again and silence once more reigned.

Seven o'clock came quickly, though the most gratifying time of all was when we walked off deck to our bunks with a wonderful day of slumber ahead.

From night duty we went to Maternity Division on Ward 6 where we were initiated into the wonders of birth. Garbed in gown

and mask we assisted the physician as he brought countless bundles of joy into the world to face the problems of life. It was exciting too, for occasionally the bundles of joy come in twos and even threes. We cared for these little ones, bathing and feeding them. Often we talked to them and were amazed at their answers.

In the ship's galley, the next of our new assignments, we were exposed to the fine art of Cooking. We measured 200 grams of milk, 90 grams of juice, and 15 grams of bread. We discovered that 3 peaches equal 60 grams and 6 peaches equal 90 grams. We planned diets for patients having ulcers, gall bladder disturbances and diabetes as well as for those who wished to reduce.

Have you ever used baking soda instead of baking powder when making muffins? We discovered that the results are far from delicious. In no time at all we became experts at baking custards and making junkets which won't weep. Our specialty was thawing frozen foods. And our egg-nogs were culinary delights.

Thence to the O.R. for 8 weeks. Donned in scrub suits and bird cages, we battled with steaming autoclaves, washed 13 sinks every night, counted 1000 sponges daily (or so it seemed), and scrubbed allises, kelleys and kochers 'til they shone. We also learned when retracting to keep our eyes on the field lest we lose our landmarks.

After evenings of packing scores of gloves, hauling autoclaves about and folding dozens of lap sheets, we would trudge wearily to our quarters and fall upon our bunks which never before seemed so soft, comfortable, and inviting. Just as we wavered between sleep and consciousness, the vitrolic buzz of the phone would be heard and we knew what the next move would be, "Please report to the O.R. immediately—an acute appendix." At moments like this we wished that nature had devised some method of having appendices become acute between the hours of 7 a. m. to 7 p. m.

FEBRUARY 1947

Another advancement in rating was bestowed upon the crew members. We were now senior mates with blue bands on our caps, ready

SEPTEMBER 1947

to sail the last few knots of our journey.

We stopped at several ports. At H. R. S. H. dealing with psychiatry. We discovered the great need there is for more trained



personnel to care for the mentally ill. Here we became adept at distinguishing Schizoids from Manics, and Manics from Paranoids. Often after analyzing ourselves we found we could be classified in nearly any category.

At Babies Hospital endless hours were spent by crew members in changing diapers, urging fluids and giving clyses.

Vassar College Nursery school demonstrated to us the art of child psychology. We learned never to say "don't" to erring children as they kicked, screamed, and bit their playmates. Instead we smiled patiently, gently propelled them from the scene of the crime and diverted their healthy robust minds and bodies to higher planes of activity (thinking perhaps that there is a great deal of truth in that old adage "Spare the rod and spoil the child").

We enjoyed many hours of social activity as we journeyed and also became experts in earning money via parties. Once we had a glamorous Thanksgiving party. Part of the crew did a take off on a well known band which specializes in washboards, sirens and bottles for sound effects. I'm sure if that noted band leader had heard us, he would have hired us immediately. We had a dance contest and won a few dozen delicious apples. There was singing also on the Mills Brothers style rather than Lily Pons, but enjoyable nevertheless.

A special Christmas dance was enjoyed by all of us. Pines decorated the famed tennis club, there was artificial snow and super music. Many of the doctors and internes were there and warbled for our benefit.

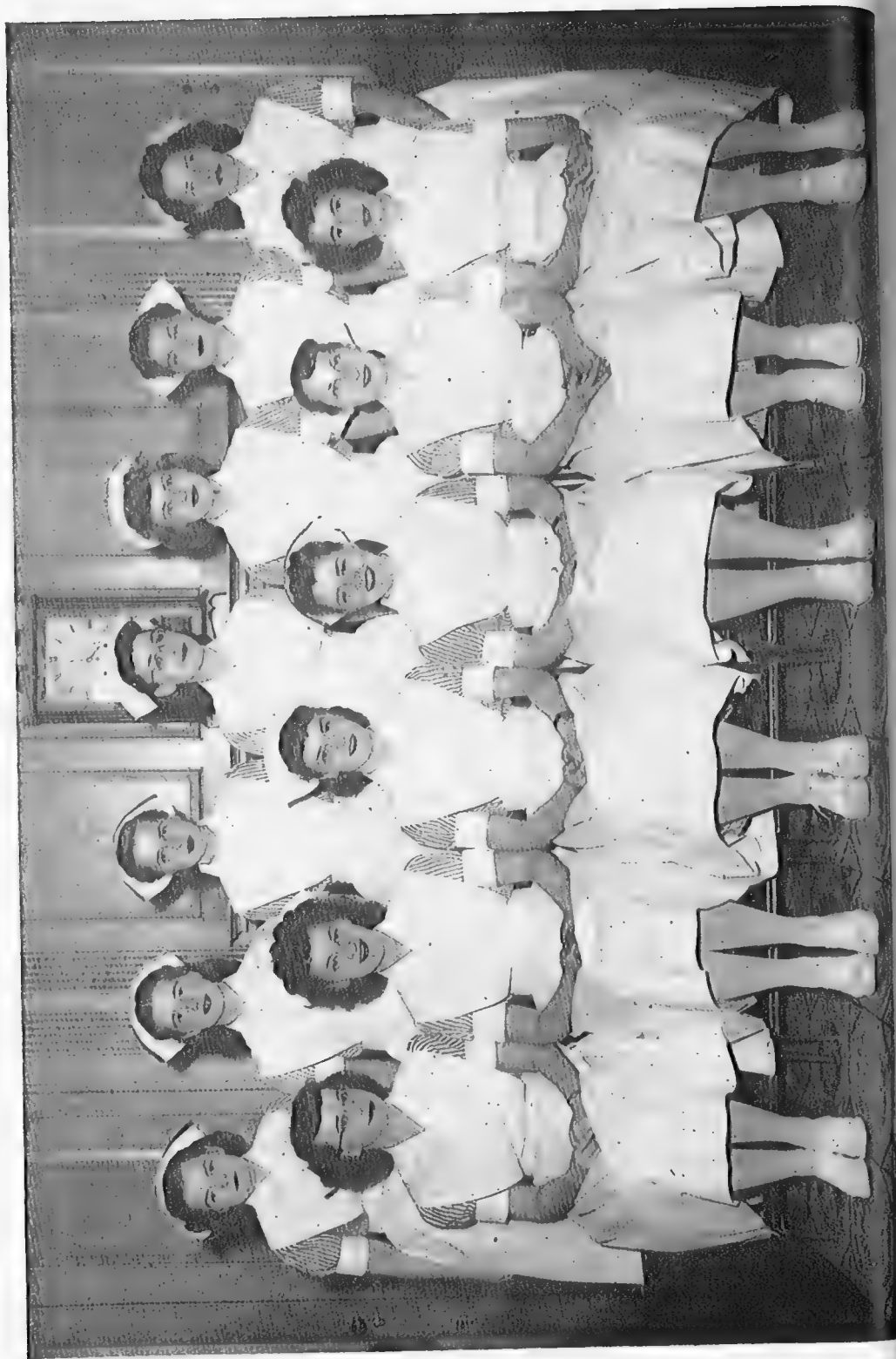
Yes, it was not all work and our play was spread along and very much enjoyed.

At last the R. N. port has come  
into view and as we dock ship and  
step ashore, we will gaze back wist-  
fully. It is with sadness as well as happiness that we part with fellow  
crew members and board our own ships to sail on to further ports. We  
have many cherished memories to take with us and our valuable ex-  
perience and teaching aboard the V. B. H. ship will enable us to ride  
thru the rough seas of our future with confidence and success.

JUNE 1948







# CLASS OF '49



FEBRUARY 5, 1946—On this day, the first crew of the "Ship '49" set sail. The sailing conditions proved to be smooth, that is until basic training classes. Then skies were darkened with the bones of the face, gram-positive bacilli, and what an overdose of arsenic will do for you. Work on deck was hard but gratifying especially when in June we received our caps, bibs, and capes.

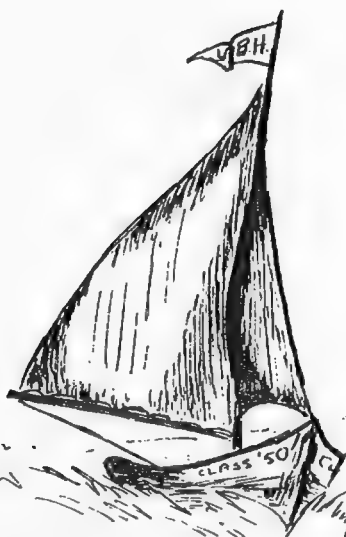
SEPTEMBER 9, 1946—We were joined by our second crew. On this proud day, we set sail with all hands on deck and all minds hard at work trying to decipher textbooks, doctor's orders and the do's and don't of crew restrictions. Our second crew was capped in an impressive ceremony in March 1947.

JUNE-NOVEMBER—Shore leave! Three weeks on familiar land in all parts of the surrounding country. Then came 90 beets, 180 spinach, and two poached eggs—could this be the D. K.? How about the O. R.?—a medium tape, a snap, and suture scissors.

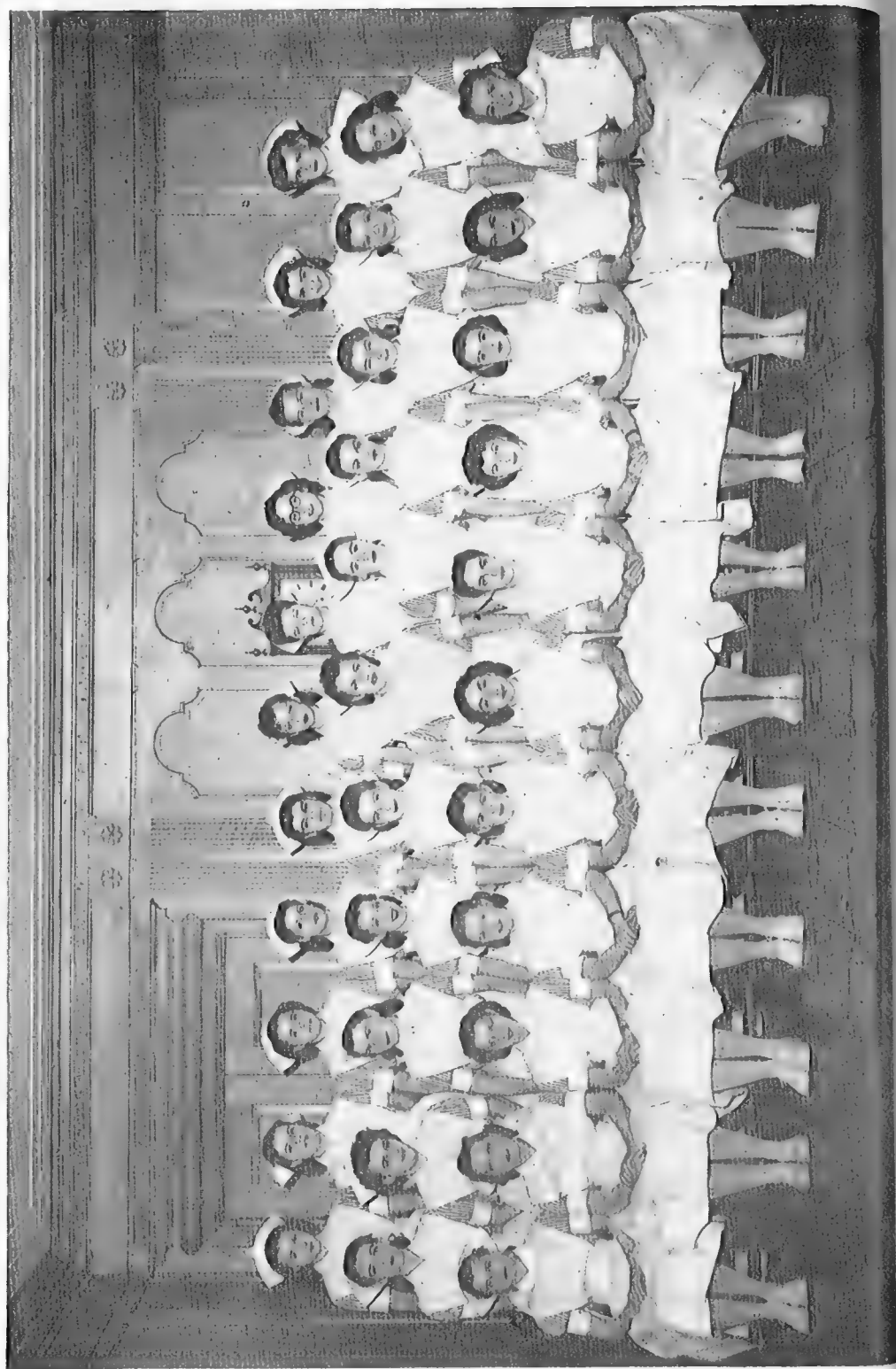
NOVEMBER-FEBRUARY—Experiences on board Nursery School, Babies Hospital, and H. R. S. H.—Our first crew is now on the last lap with blue bands, and the second crew is looking forward to this great day.

FUTURE—When at last we sight land for good, we hope to dock with all fifteen of our original crew members.





A. DAVLEMI





# CLASS OF '50



SEPTEMBER 8, 1947—The day was calm when our ship the "Class of '50" was launched. The ropes were new as well as the decks, but we soon found a footing and put out to sea. Our home ports were many, mainly Home I, Home II, and Corridor I. We were soon visited by our more experienced mates who extended a lasting invitation to visit them on board the good ship "Tower."

OCTOBER—The days became longer and our breath shorter, due to the work and not the heat. Each deck looked the same and each night we found a new escape hatch that led us to our bunks.

We then changed course which took us to the nearest port. Here, we took a cargo from Bruck's, namely our striped uniforms for which we had waited so long.

NOVEMBER—These past weeks we've spent most of our time in the classroom and the remaining time in sick bay helping the ships doctors, and this time no complaints!

DECEMBER—Back to sea for a three months cruise. Why did we ever say "Let's go north"?

Christmas brought out the acting instinct in us and so—"on with the show." A pageant was given with all hands participating and all crew members and officers were extended an invitation.

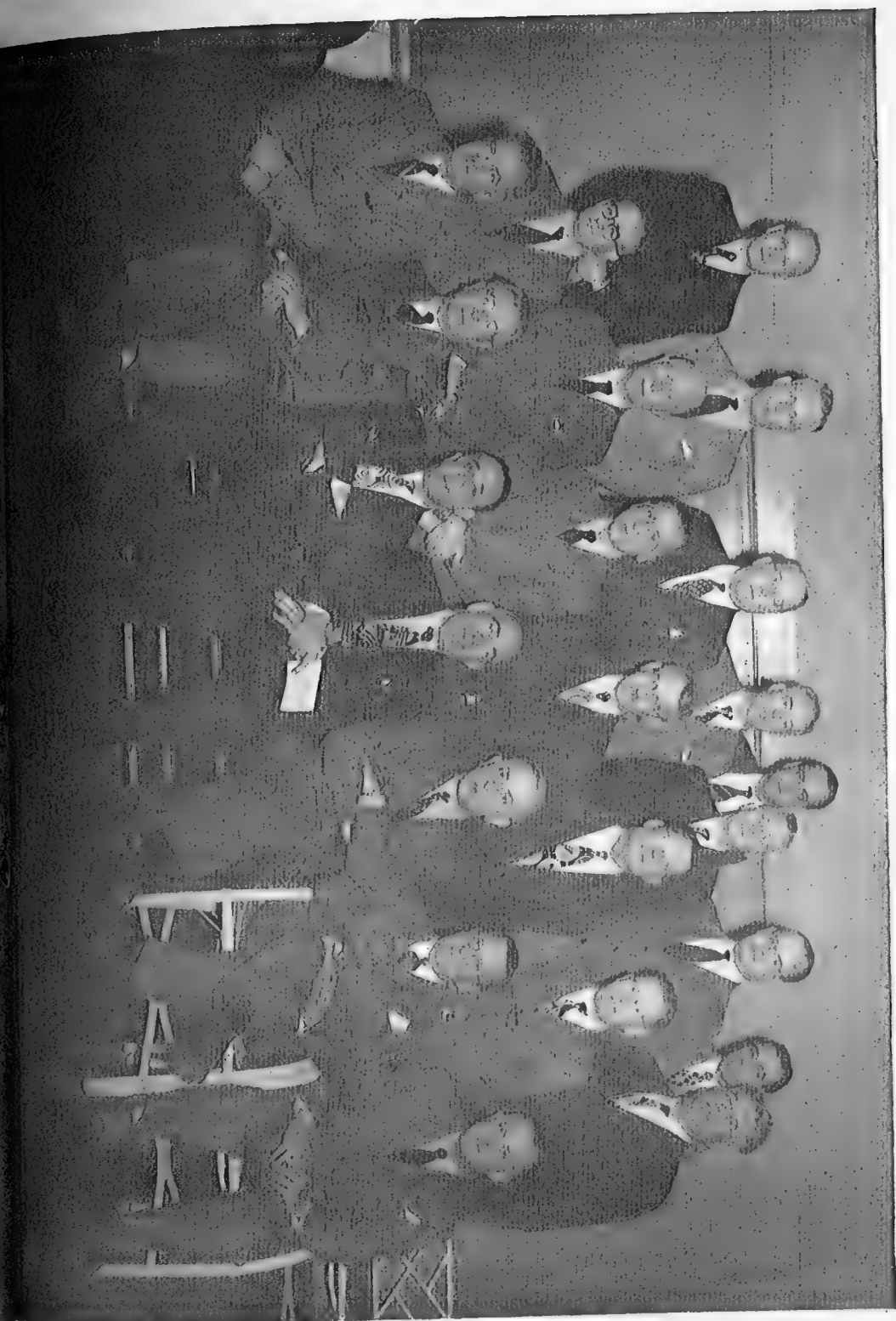
Time out for Shore Leave—Merry Christmas to all!

JANUARY 1948—The new year was greeted by the boatswain's whistle and our New Year's resolutions were made out.

With exams only a few weeks away we became a serious crew.

FEBRUARY—The last and most serious month of our first voyage found us working twice as hard! To be or not to be, that is the question.



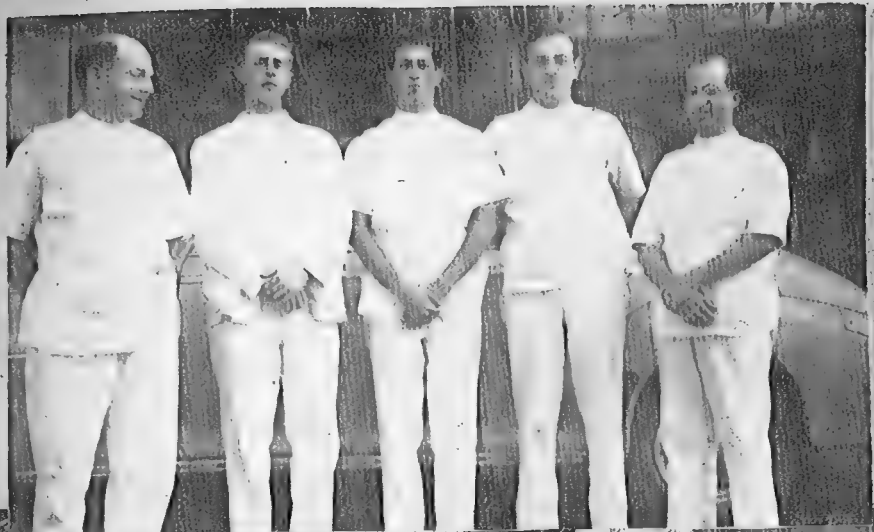


# Do You Think We Will Ever See The Day . . . .



- Dr. Smith—*goes into a fit of rage*  
Dr. Bacile—*mops the Delivery Room floor*  
Dr. McGrath—*wears dungarees*  
Dr. Meyer—*develops laryngitis*  
Dr. Hanley—*forgets a picture of Richard*  
Dr. Rosenberg—*has no cigar*  
Dr. Neighbors—*acquires a Boston accent*  
Dr. Murphy—*doesn't have a Thyroidectomy in view*  
Dr. Crispell—*is without his pipe*  
Dr. Rogers—*is not beckoned on a 3 a. m. delivery*  
Dr. Rimai—*drives a Model "A"*  
Dr. Perrino—*uses strong language*  
Dr. Stone—*is talkative*  
Dr. E. A. Stoller—*is without Dr. L. W. Stoller (and vice-versa)*  
Dr. Stibbs—*answers his page*  
Dr. Gagan—*spins a clamp and misses*  
Dr. Malven—*takes more than a half hour for an Appendectomy*  
Dr. Hedgecock—*doesn't wear his bow tie*  
Dr. Thomson—*doesn't order "Hospital gown worn as a coat"*  
Dr. Deyo—*forgets his little black bag*  
Dr. Sobel—*has more room to work in*  
Dr. Garlick—*doesn't have his glass of chocolate milk on rounds*  
Dr. Townsend—*isn't on hand to care for the students*

INTERNES  
OF  
1948



# Last Will and Testament

We, the class of 1948, being of sound mind and memory, do write, publish, and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament. We do hereby give and bequeath for each member of the class, the following:

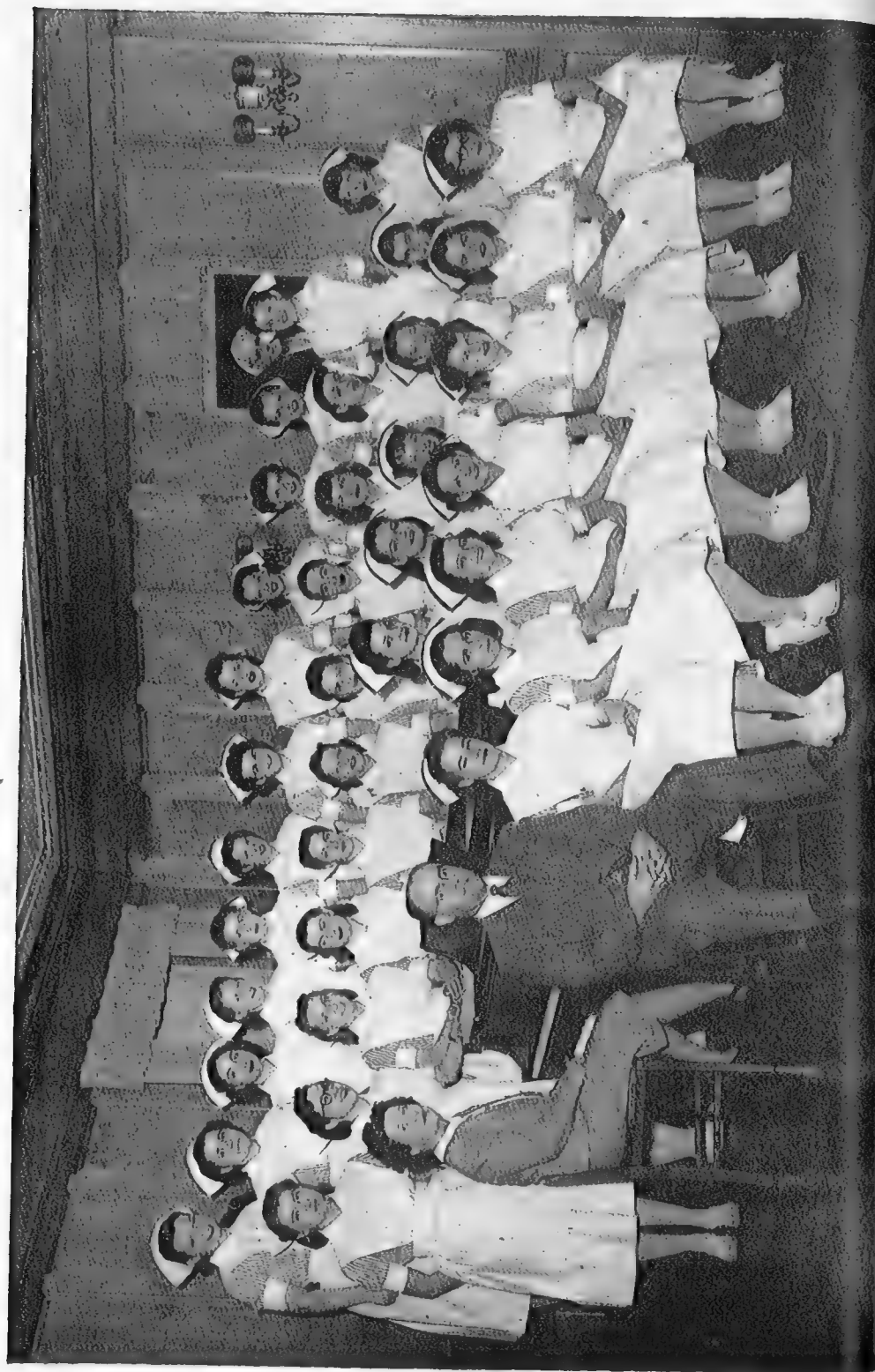
Miss Abernethy	her promptness with case studies	to all younger students
Miss Ackert and Miss Gruver	their red hair	to Miss Cosman
Miss Addor	her religious views	to all patients who dote on pills
Miss Allen	her way with patients	to Miss Barry
Miss Andrews	her feuds with the faculty	to Dr. Shannon
Miss Brill	her big feet	to all size 5
Miss Beckwith	her self-assurance	to Miss Post
Miss Dahlem and Miss Feldt	their ability in art	to Miss Richard
Miss Devitt	her height	to Miss Casse
Miss Eramo	her love of Po'keepsie	to Miss Wiren
Miss Gardner	her gaiety	to J. C. (Dr. Stibbs)
Miss Hare	her athletic ability	to Miss Biggio
Miss Hern	her attractiveness	to Miss Dubraski
Miss Hickman	her excitability	to Miss Rymph
Miss W. Horn	her quiet ways	to Miss G. Horn
Miss Ingraham	her ability at the piano	to Miss Pratten
Miss Longacre	her temper	to who-ever can get away with it
Miss Miller	her 53 deliveries	to Dr. Capers
Miss Muller	her selection of records	to Miss Tomlins
Miss Ostrander	her cuteness	to Miss Stalker
Miss Roettger	her matrimonial intentions	to Miss Marcks
Miss Scott	her conscientiousness	to Miss D. Taylor
Miss Seibert	her headaches and enemies	to the editor of next year's yearbook
Miss Sitzer	her gentle ways	to Miss Rose
Miss Secor	her good nature	to Miss Moison
Miss Speedling	her love for a good joke	to Dr. McNamara
Miss Steurer	her winning ways	to Miss Hamel
Miss Traver	her new look	to the Dawn
Miss Thomson	her favorite expression	to George P.
Miss Vieth	her willingness	to Miss Schroeder
Miss Winchell	her neatness	to all under classmen
Miss Wickman	her dancing ability	to Miss Aloy

Hereunto, on this second day of June in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty eight, we set our hand and our seal.

THE CLASS OF 1948









# GLEE CLUB



Every other Monday night from October to May, you can find a crew of about thirty warbling seamen on board the "Tower." At the piano sits our captain, Mrs. Donald Tongue, in front of the crew stands "Commodore" Philip Terry, leading the crew in harmony; then in among the crew, if you look closely enough, you can find our First Mate, Mrs. Clifford Cook. She adds her voice to ours but also is our severest critic.

Our crew has been asked to appear in public many times, at such occasions as the District Nurses' Banquet, Christmas Programs at Luckey's, Recruitment week opening program, at the capping of the beginning seamen, the P. T. A. meeting in Pleasant Valley, and of course the main event, graduation of Class of '48. For all these appearances we received expressions of appreciation for services rendered.

Our thanks to our officers for their help in making this year's voyage a successful one.



## STUDENT COUNCIL

Our Student Council was organized in October 1943 and since that first meeting we have come a long way. The council enables the members of the student body to express their opinions through their representatives. Problems are talked over by the graduate advisers and students. In this way a closer relationship is obtained.

But our meetings are not all serious business as we also plan and give entertainment for the students such as holiday parties, hot-dog roasts, play-days, and our annual semi-formal. Also "vics" and records, and recreation equipment are bought from our treasury funds which are obtained mainly through student dues.

We, the Class of '48, are proud to say that we have helped in our small way to make this one of the most successful years for the "S.C." Best of luck in the years to come!



# The Nightingale Pledge

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly:

To pass my life in purity and to practice my profession faithfully.

I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous, and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug.

I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my profession.

With loyalty will I endeavor to aid the physician in his work, and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.





*Handwritten notes in the top left corner, possibly identifying students or groups.*

A. DAHLEN

# SCHRAUTH'S ICE CREAM

SINCE 1866

*"Every  
Flavor  
Meets  
With  
Favor"*



## *An Information Service*

☛ THAT HELPS THE BEREAVED  
ARRANGE FOR A FUNERAL  
PRICED TO MEET THEIR  
WISHES.

BEFORE OR AT THE TIME OF NEED  
WE PROVIDE CLEARLY DEFINED  
INFORMATION ABOUT ALL OUR  
CHARGES FOR EVERY ITEM OF  
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SUM OF WHICH CHARGES IS OUR  
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WRITE, PHONE OR CALL ON US.  
WE ARE HERE TO ANSWER  
• YOUR QUESTIONS.

**George A. Mac Kennan**  
**Funeral Director**

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A cloud of witnesses—*Graduation.*

The flame of the lamp—*Capping.*

Grim death—*State boards.*

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Freddy: Say, Jimmy, do you-know what fairies sit on?"  
Jimmy: Sure, Fairy tales."

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Bid them wash their faces, and keep their teeth clean.—*Face Basin Time.*

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*The Home of Good Clothes*

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NEW YORK

"Good-bye, Gladly," little Susie said to her Teddy bear as she started to school.

"Gladly! Is that your bear's name?" her aunt asked.

"Yessum. One of his eyes is crossed."

"But where did you get the name 'Gladly'?"

"From the song we sing in Sunday School," Susie replied. "Gladly the Cross I Bear."

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*"Where Modern Photography Is Unexcelled"*

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"Doctor, if there is anything wrong with me, don't give it a scientific name. Say it so I can understand it."

"Very well, you're lazy."

"Gee, thanks. Now give me the scientific name. I have to take a report to my boss."

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On getting the letter, her mother was badly upset.

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"Daddy, may I ask you a question?"

"Sure, son."

"Well, if a doctor is doctoring a doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor the doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doctoring the doctor doctor the doctor the way he usually doctors?"



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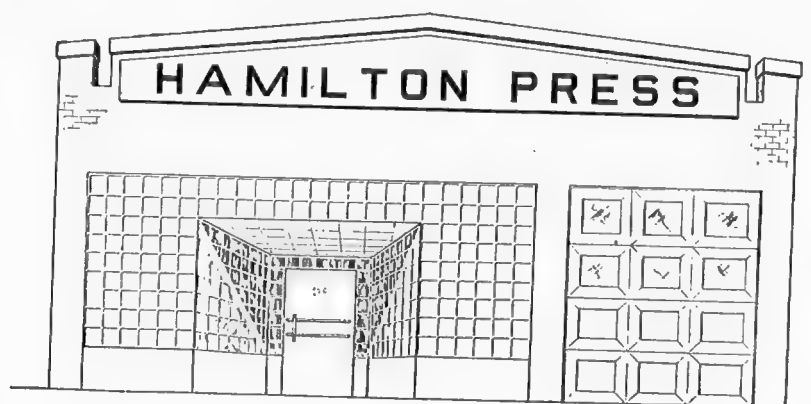
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